



THE  
CHARACTER  
OF THOSE TWO  
Protestants in Masquerade,  
HERACLITUS,  
AND  
The Observer.

**T**hey are Teeming Animals, that swell with Noise and Nonsense, but onely bring forth a Penny Pamphlet. No sooner is the Travel over, but the Weekly Infants are snatch'd from the Bosom of their Parents, and being hurried into Publick, they create a Disturbance with their clamorous Shrieks. No sooner do the troublesome Brats yelp themselves into silence, and expire, but another Issue is successively continued; and if the timely Caution of a *London* Grand-Jury had not broke their Crain-Eggs, the numerous Progeny might have endanger'd the State. They are the Offensive Humours of the Body-Politick, and at last are broke out in the Itch of Scribbling. They are the fatal Dose of unqualified *Mercury*, that in stead of carrying away the Obstructions of the Body, strike up the Malignancy to the Head. They pretend to heal Breaches, and to regulate the State; but are as unfit, as a Common Strumpet is for a Lady Abbess, or a Novice in Military Experience for the Conduct of an Army. They arraign Officers, and cancel the very Private Acts of Magistrates; as if a Word must not be spoke, but these sawcie Scriblers must make the Comment. They are two gaudy Blazing Stars, that would appear at once both Terrible and Beautiful. They are compos'd of the Combustible Vapours of an unquiet State; and are set a-fire by their own Sulphureous Nature. They would admonish and deter, yet only portend their own Fate; and whilst the gazing Multitude devoutly admire, the inflam'd Jellys consume themselves, and disappear. They are the Speaking Trumpet of a designing Jesuit, and are onely Instrumental loudly to proclaim what he privately whispers; but when the  
Intrigue

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Intrigue is accomplish'd, the serviceable Utensil is laid by as useless. They'll suffer none to share in the Sense of the Nation, or in the least to pretend to that thing call'd Wit, besides themselves; and yet the Man that believes their Talent to be so extraordinary, must have more Faith than they have Sense, ay, to that degree of a grain of Mustard-seed. They are elaborately dull: but with Industry and Toil at last they produce an insignificant Sheet; but so stuff'd with blunt Raillery, and *Billinggate* Invectives, that the Language of the sharp-nos'd Sluts is, in comparison, modish Complaisance, and good Breeding. Take but a Pair of Oars from *Black-friars* to *Whitehall* Stairs, and the Academy will furnish you with as much Matter as will complete a dozen of these Pamphlets, with a great deal of Applause after the Publication. The Apprentice that mis-call'd *Haracritus*, *Heteroclitus*, made a pertinent mistake, and very adapt; for so irregularly doth his two Representatives Dialogize, that sometimes *Jest* is very severely in Earnest, and *Earnest* reciprocally encroacheth upon his Fellow-Babblers Prerogative, and accidentally stumbles upon a Quibble: And when the faulting Fancy of the jaded Author is at a stand, he is forced to be beholden to the Publisher to fill up the bottom of the Sheet with a Train of Advertisements. Now and then you shall perceive them nibbling at History; but you shall find more in the very Title Page of a *Livy*, than in a thousand of their insignificant Scribbles. They are the Weekly Fomenters of Feuds and Divisions, and prejudice all that dissent from their Persuasions. They are sure that *Care*, *Curtis*, and *Janeway* will come to the Gallows; but I am afraid their Prophetick Faculty will fail them: so industrious was *Haman* to erect a Gibbet for *Mordecai*. They are those *Sicilian Satyrs* mentioned in *Polybius*, that in the *Interludium* of a Parliament do wantonly bask themselves upon the Plains, and licentiously indulge their own Brutality; but when the Season alters, and the Honourable Senate is assembled, then they dastardly return to their Caves and Groves, and are content to vent their uneasie Malice in private Ruminations. They are a Couple of *Bartholomew-Fair* Merry *Andrews*, that to incite the Charity of a Bookfeller, and provoke the Reader to a forc'd Laughter, will Ape themselves into any Antick Posture. So beastly several times are their Expressions, and so offensive to a modest Ear, that as they have been Presented for Reflexion and Disturbance, so let them be Indicted for Nuisance. They pretend 'tis their Loyal Inclination, and Duty to their Sovereign, that obligeth them to this Scribbling Diligence: But *Hannibal* might as well have believed that *Hanno* was his Friend, because he publicly applauded his Actions: For what Circumstantial is there of Loyalty, where Feuds and Dissensions are fomented? They are Slaves to Interest, and have no more Loyalty than what they are paid for. They are byas'd by Necessity; and 'tis as easie for one that would undertake it, to turn the Current of their Ink another way, as it is for a Money'd Man to suborn a Perjuror.